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From Mr. George Tinworth's fine work in terra-cotta.]

'WHOSO SHALL RECEIVE ONE SUCH LITTLE CHILD IN MY NAME RECEIVETH ME.'
Matt. xviii., 5.

Round the Christmas Tree at Hans Smidt's.

(By Rev. Edward A. Rand.)

'And what do you think of that, Bobbie? Was ever there a finer, handsomer tree? What does my nephew say?'

Here Hans Smidt stood off and looked at the green little tree which was all ready for the lighting on the eve of Christmas, and Rob White stood by the side of Uncle Hans and gazed also.

'That is a very fine tree, Uncle Hans, and it means a good deal.'

'Means?'

'To give away something.'

'Yes, yes; so it does. To give away; yes, to give away.'

And then Uncle Hans marched round the tree and marched up to the tree and marched back from the tree, and round it he marched again, saying complacently:—'Yes to give away; that is it.'

And had he not given away? Why, the

tree was loaded with gifts, and Uncle Hans, whose pocketbook was the fountain of special supply, felt that he had done a very fine thing.

'Yes, we are going to keep Christmas; and in the morning we will hang our stockings, or, rather, we will hang them to-night and look at them in the morning.'

A Christmas tree in the evening, and stockings drooping from the mantel over the fireplace in the morning.

'That is very fine, Uncle Hans! You go the whole figure,' declared Rob.

'Certainly, Robert! What is the good of money unless it is to buy things and give them away. You put it right—to give away, to give away! That is what we must do.'

Then round the tree went Uncle Hans once more.

Rob left the room, but turned that he might look back and see again happy Uncle Hans, about as stout as the tree he was admiring.

'This is just the jolliest place to visit,' said the nephew, 'and I feel like telling Aunt Katharine so. Where is she? They say if you like a thing, say you like it, and that will please the folks who have gone to so great trouble in getting the thing ready. Yes, I must hunt up Aunt Katharine and tell her what a fine thing she and Uncle are doing, and how thankful I am she invited me to this jolly home festival. And stockings in the morning—jolly, jolly, jolly! I must find her and tell her so. Happiest home I know of.'

Here Rob White raised his voice and shouted, 'Aunt Katharine!'

He called out in the dining-room, 'Aunt Katharine!'

She was not there.

He called out in the kitchen, 'Aunt Katharine!'

She was not there.

'Where is she?' he wondered. 'Oh, there is the cellar door open! Is she down there? Let me call. Aunt Katharine!'

What was it he heard down cellar? The sad, soft moan of the wind, or was it a pitiful human voice?

'I must go down and see what it is,' he continued. 'Sounds like a poor little mouse's squeak.'

Down he went, and hearing again this moan of the wind, this squeak of the mouse, this whatever it was, he went in the direction of the sound. It came from an open door in one corner of the cellar, a door from which a flow of light issued. Could Aunt Katharine be there? Yes, she was there, holding a candle in her hand; and how different was this scene from that upstairs, where jolly Uncle Hans was marching round his Christmas tree, complacently viewing it!

Aunt Katharine was looking into a closet, looking at a shelf carrying a row of bottles marked, 'Fine Cognac,' 'Tom and Jerry,' 'Punch,' 'London Stout,' 'Ale.'

As she looked the tears rolled down her worn cheeks, for Aunt Katharine was as worn and thin through care as Uncle Hans was stout from high living.

'Oh, dear!' she sighed.

'Why, Aunt Katharine, what are you doing?'

'Oh, Robbie, is that you? I don't mean to tell family troubles—hush! Anybody coming?'

'Oh, no!'

'Dear me!' she sighed.

Here she wiped and wiped her eyes, and then began to wipe them again. 'I—I—wish we might never have another—Christmas tree. No, I ought not to wish that; but Uncle Hans will want us to take something. That is what that shelf means; and he will be the one to take and take and take. Oh, dear, it grows on him. Everybody says so, and he don't know it. Oh, dear! Fine at heart—generous man as ever was. Oh, dear! And making a slave of himself. That is what that shelf means!'

'Too bad! too bad!' said the sympathizing Rob. 'Let us go now.'

'Uncle Hans will want the key. I must put it back in his pocket. He dropped it, and I picked it up, and I couldn't help it—looking in here. I knew he would lay in here a "Christmas stock," as he calls it, and he might as well lay in a lot of chains. Oh, dear.'

'That is so, Aunt. Now we will go upstairs. I wish I could do something.

Those two pictures, Uncle Hans at the Christmas tree smiling, laughing, and Aunt Katharine before the wine closet, weeping, sobbing!

And then a third picture was coming. Uncle Hans, that very evening, when all were gathered about the Christmas tree, Uncle Hans handing round glasses of 'Hot Tom and Jerry,' or 'Punch,' or 'Ale.' What would Rob do then? He began to think this home was anything but such a happy place; that if a skeleton had grinned at him when he looked into the wine closet it would not have surprised him more.

'What am I going to do?' he wondered. 'What am I going to do to-night?'

Rob stood alone in the guest room and thought it over. If he did not at least sip the glass offered by Uncle Hans, then Uncle Hans would be offended.

'But where are my principles?' Rob asked himself. 'I never touch the stuff at home, and I ought not to do it here; but what is a fellow going to do?'

'Do right!' said a voice down in Rob's soul. 'Let consequences take care of themselves. Look to God! Get help from him! Do right! Will you?'

'I will!' said Rob aloud, as he looked out of the window into the shadows thickening everywhere.

'I will do right; that is the only way.'

The evening came.

It was time to light the Christmas tree. Uncle Hans and Aunt Katharine had no children, and they would ask a nephew and niece, or several of them, to come to the Christmas tree.

Rob was the only relative in attendance that night. A 'few friends' had been invited. Rob noticed when they entered that they were men, and each had a big, red nose, a kind of fiery light on the end of a stout torch.

'Oh!' thought Rob. 'Got to take a stand before all these?'

The tree was lighted. It was a beautiful sight—a sunrise in the midst of night.

Then came the eventful time Rob had been anticipating. The clink of spoons in tumblers could be heard, and Uncle Hans and 'the few friends' smacked their lips.

And yet the eventful time did not arrive. Rob was not asked to lift a glass, and 'the few friends' did not tarry, but after a few formal wishes for the season now entered upon, each torch-light was borne into the night, redder than ever.

'Now,' said Uncle Hans, 'we are alone, Katharine, Rob, and we will all take a little together. Here, Rob, just some ale, Rob! Good health, my dear Rob!'

The 'dear Rob' did not lift his glass.

'What is the matter, Rob? Not going to take it? I am surprised.'

'I thank you, Uncle, but excuse me.'

'Why not? why not? It will do you good.'

'I—I—am afraid to. I shall want some more, and don't know when to stop. Excuse me.'

Uncle Hans looked up.

Had his face just worn a look of surprise? The expression changed.

He looked extremely sober now.

'Want some more? Yes, Rob, you will want more, and more, and more! Oh, what am I doing?'

He set down his glass.

He looked at his wife in silence. Soon she was crying.

'Oh, my poor wife!' exclaimed Uncle Hans. 'What am I doing? The drinker wants more, and more, and more—yes!'

Here he burst out passionately:

'And becomes a slave! O God, break my chains!'

He was looking up now.

'Hans, dear!' his wife was pleading, 'God can help you; let's ask him. Let's—let's—pray.'

And down on their knees they all got, there by the side of the Christmas tree; and what a picture it was!

Katharine started to pray, but a flood of tears washed away her voice and she stopped. That kind of praying does not really stop, but goes on and reaches heaven.

It was a wonderful time, and God sent down his blessing.

The next morning Hans said:—Christmas means to give away. Wife, wife, there is a little present in your stocking, away down at the foot. Don't let me ever, ever, ever see the thing again.'

'The thing' was the wine-closet key, and it was away down at the foot of Katharine's long stocking—just a key, and how much that meant!—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

Christmas Verse.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was
Born on Christmas Day.
—Old English Carol.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize—
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young;
With tender and with courteous ways—
Heed well the chorus that was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then;
Glory to God on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.
—Thackeray.

Sound over all waters, reach from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angel when Jesus was born!
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.
Blow bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north and south, let the quarrels all cease,
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God, and of good will to man!
Hark, joining the chorus
The heavens bend o'er us.
—J. G. Whittier.

This happy day, whose risen sun
Shall set not through eternity,
This holy day when Christ the Lord,
Took on him our humanity,
For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make,
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear Child Jesus's sake.
—Phoebe Cary.

Take courage, soul, in grief cast down,
Forget the bitter dealing;
A Child is born in David's town,
To touch all souls with healing.
Then let us go and seek the Child,
Children like him, meek, undefiled.
—Hans Christian Andersen.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Dec. 23, Sun.—The time is at hand.
Dec. 24, Mon.—Behold I come quickly.
Dec. 25, Tues.—Even so, come, Lord Jesus.
Dec. 26, Wed.—My reward is with me.
Dec. 27, Thurs.—The Spirit and the bride say, Come.
Dec. 28, Fri.—Let him that heareth say, Come.
Dec. 29, Sat.—Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.
Dec. 30, Sun.—Blessed are they that do his commandments.
Dec. 31, Mon.—The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Mrs. Kerren's Christmas.

(By Mabel Quilter-Couch, in 'British Weekly.')

(Concluded.)

She remembered the scenes now grown so familiar to her, the scraps of furniture, the few poor pictures and ornaments carried out and placed on a hand cart to be wheeled away in all the unkindly light of day; she knew to a shade how meagre and forlorn her own poor little household goods would look.

'What is your master's name, and where does he live?' she asked, tremblingly.

'My marster!—don't own one. If you means your landlord—well, if you don't know his name, tisn't my biz'ness to tell you.'

'But I must see him.'

'Look here, missus, what's the use of going on like that? If the boss was to be hinterviewd by everybody what owes him rent, why, he'd never do nothing else—'

'But—I must explain, his rent will be paid. I have a son, a very wealthy man—'

The man began to be interested. His practiced eye had seen from the first the difference between this victim and those he usually had to deal with.

'Well,' he said, thoughtfully, after much meditation, 'of course I can't stop you from going to headquarters.'

'But I don't know where he is, or his name.'

'If I tell 'ee, mind, it must never leak out where you got the infermation from; it'd be my ruin, very likely.'

She promised eagerly.

'Well, I'm trusting 'ee, remember. The boss's name is Toms, and he lives a few streets off; leastways, his office is there. You goes out into Tot'n'am Court road and crosses straight over, and almost in front of 'ee you'll see Mawley street marked up. Well, his office is down there, at No. 30.'

In her nervous agitation she had taken her gloves off and put them on again at least half a dozen times. Now she drew them on once more, and hurried out of the room and the house, murmuring heartfelt words of thanks. Roscommon street was beginning to grow lively with the unhealthy life it alone knew. As she hurried on, she looked up at the dense blackness overhead. 'The twenty-first of December, the shortest day, the day I always made my Christmas puddings,' she muttered inconsequently. 'I wonder if Jabez remembers.'

When she reached the brightly-lighted Tottenham Court road her mind reverted to her errand, and the futility of it struck her for the first time. What had she to say—that she had a wealthy son? That—that she had been twelve months looking for him, and was no nearer finding him than she had been a year ago. But in spite of her perturbation, she found her way without difficulty to Mawley street and wandered down it, looking anxiously at house after house, trying to read the numbers. It took her some time to reach No. 30. Just as she found it, a clock near by struck five. 'He'll be gone,' she thought with alarm, and the fear braced her up to enter the gas-lit passage without further delay, and, once inside, her fear of being found wandering about in, as she feared, a suspicious manner, quickened her movements, and in a moment more she was standing knocking peremptorily at a shabby door across which 'Mr. Toms' was painted in black letters.

A LANKY OFFICE BOY PERCHED ON A HIGH STOOL.

No one opened the door in answer to her summons, but a voice bade her 'Come in.' She felt quite relieved when she saw only a lanky office boy perched on a high stool, but the feeling was only momentary.

'Well?' he said, interrogatively.

'I want to see Mr. Toms,' she answered, nervously. 'Is he here?'

'Yes, he's here, but——' He finished with a yawn, which swallowed any end his sentence might have had.

'Is he engaged?' she asked. 'I must see him at once, it's most important.'

The boy moved to the door of an inner room, knocked, and opened it without a word. Lavinia, mistaking his action, stepped forward quickly and into the room before he could stop her.

A man was standing with his back to her, and facing him was a lady, to Lavinia's eyes most beautifully dressed. The lady, who had been speaking, ceased at sight of the trembling old woman so eagerly entering the room, and smiled at her kindly. And Lavinia needed encouragement, for at the sight of a third person all her little stock of courage vanished. She could not speak of her downfall before a third person. A sudden weakness of mind and body gripped her, and for the time she hardly knew where she was, or for what she had come. But after a moment, the kind face smiling at her gave her hope and fresh courage, she instinctively felt the sympathy in it, and suddenly felt glad she was there.

'I think you are wanted,' said a voice as kind as the face. 'I will go and will—'

'No, no, don't go,' said Lavinia, nervously. 'I—I—' At the sound of her voice the man turned round from his writing table and the three faced each other. Lavinia stared vacantly for a moment, staggered, and vaguely stretched out her hand for some support. The younger woman stepped to her side and put her arms about her. 'Jabez,' she muttered at last. It was almost more than she could do to keep off the faintness which was creeping over her. Then a sudden thought flashed into her poor dazed brain. 'Is it you?' she gasped. 'Are you the Mr. Toms? Jabez, speak.'

Jabez stood by unable to utter a word. His expression at first had been full of utter confusion, then he stood with hanging head and his face hidden. The girl standing between them looked at him anxiously. She saw the eager questioning in the old eyes, the anxious longing for a denial, and knew that she would not resent even her interference if she but had the assurance for which her heart was breaking.

'He did not know,' she said, clasping Lavinia more closely. 'He will tell you so himself when the shock is past. He did not know what had become of you. Jabez,' turning to him, 'tell her at once that she may not wonder at my interference, and set her poor mind at rest.' She led Lavinia to a chair and knelt beside her. 'He did not know where you were,' she said. 'Dear, taking one thin, cold hand in hers, 'I'm Jabez's wife, and your new daughter. Will you let me be one to you?'

Jabez came and stood near them both, his hand on his wife's shoulder. He was very pale, very grave, and in his eyes was the look of a dog who knows he has done wrong, and is expecting his deserts.

'Mother, she is right, I did not know you were a tenant of mine. If I had I would have—' he stopped, and his wife looked up at him.

'You would have brought her home,' she said, quietly.

He walked nervously about the room for a moment, then came back again to the woman. 'Yes, I would have,' he answered, 'but—I must tell her, Janet, I can't rest until she knows.'

Lavinia raised her head and sat up very stiff and straight in her chair. 'I can tell, I daresay,' she said, rather shrilly. 'You were ashamed of—of me.'

'It was my fault,' broke in Janet. 'When he knew me first, and my relations, we——'

'I was a cur, that is all there is to be said. She made me feel that when I knew her better. I was afraid she would not care for me, that I was not as well born.' Lavinia sat with hard eyes, but a quivering mouth. After all her talk of her son, this was hard to bear. Janet patted her shaking hands tenderly. 'But I soon grew to know her better,' went on Jabez, quickly, 'and she made me ashamed; and then I took her down to see you, and you were gone to London, so they told me in the village.'

His mother groaned. 'Then they all knew I wasn't with you?'

He nodded. 'Yes, they knew that; it could not be helped; but they shall soon know that you are. Mother, you will come to me now? I shall never be happy again if you refuse.' She could not answer. 'Come

I AM JABEZ' WIFE AND YOUR NEW DAUGHTER.

to us, mother,' he pleaded, sitting beside her and taking her other hand in his. 'For months we have searched high and low for you; I have known no rest since I knew you were lost. Mother, you will come to us now to show you will try to forgive me?'

And Lavinia, bursting into tears, consented.

SHE LED LAVINIA TO A CHAIR.

Christmas in India.

Christmas eve in Calcutta is very gay, we are told. All the big European shops keep open till twelve at night. Crowds of people go from shop to shop, meeting friends and spending money. The roads are crammed with traffic, and the shops are brilliantly illuminated outside and in. It is amusing to observe the way in which Indian domestic servants view Christmas. They seem to believe that plum pudding has some direct connection with the religious origin of the festival, and if you fail to have one, they secretly mistrust that you are falling away from grace. All over India some sort of recognition of the great event will be made, and the natives are inclined to have some slight participation in the joys of 'Kismas.' It is the Eurasian woman's great occasion for donning new clothes. Be the Eurasian woman ever so poor, she will strive and save so that she may have 'new things' to wear on Christmas morning. It is pathetic and inexplicable, this peculiarity of Christmas-keeping Eurasians. Out-door recreations, especially among the wealthy Europeans and half-castes (or Eurasians), are prominent features of holiday festivity. —'Christian Herald.'

Two Pairs of Dark Eyes.

(By Sydney Dare, in 'Presbyterian Review.')

Mrs. Vernon received two letters in the morning mail. One of them was from her sister, living in a distant city, and its most important point was this:

'I am ordered to a sanitarium for several months, and desire to know if you will have the kindness to take charge of Marion during my absence. She is a dear, good child, and will not, I am sure, give you any trouble.'

The other letter was from the matron of an orphan asylum, and ran like this:

'My dear Madam: We have two or three little girls for adoption near the age you speak of. If you will do us the favor to call we shall be glad to have you see them.'

'Well, well,' mused the lady, 'it never rains but it pours. If I had known of Marian coming, I would have let the other matter wait. But what is the difference? Marian will be full of interest, and will make the house brighter for a strange little one. There need be no delay.'

So, when Marian, bringing with her sixteen years a breeze of youth and sweetness and overflow of spirits, was settled in the house, Mrs. Vernon told her of her new plan. Not at all dwelling on the loneliness which had darkened her life since four years before the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart had gone out from her widowed home. Not speaking of all the hopes and fears bound up in this experiment, only quietly saying:

'Marian, I'm going to have someone else here. Some one who will, perhaps, make the old house seem a little less dull. I am going this afternoon to visit an orphan asylum, with a view to taking a little girl for adoption. You would like to go with me?'

'Why—Aunt Emily!' In the dear girl's look of surprise her aunt could read all she would not express of realization of all this must mean. Mrs. Vernon made no reply to her exclamation, and she presently went on, her words tripping over each other in her confused desire to say, without saying too much, something which would tell of her astonishment and her sympathy.

'Dear Aunt Emily! Well, I'm so glad. Well—dear me, auntie—I'm sure it would be so nice for you—and help you, too—not to forget, you know, but—. Well, well, how we shall love her—' observing in her lovingly anxious reading of her aunt's face that she was resolutely determined to put away the pathetic side of the affair. 'And you are going to take me—what fun it will be. To pick her out like a doll or something. O auntie, I hope—I hope—'

There were tears in the rattling voice, as after throwing her arms around her aunt, she made some excuse for getting out of the room.

But tears were set aside as they took the short journey to the orphan asylum in a neighboring city. Arrived there, they were shown into a small parlor, in which were the matron and half a dozen little girls of about six or seven years of age. She had chosen this way of placing them under observation, without making it evident to the little things that they were under close and interested criticism. Quietly the matron indicated the three whom she thought would please best, one being a sturdy, frank-faced little maidie, giving in her well-formed features promise of future beauty, another with dancing blue eyes and fair curls, who with fearless chatter at once made friends with the visitors.

Mrs. Vernon did not care for blue eyes—they were too like those which had closed years before, and her heart seemed to go out to the third, a quiet little thing who held shyly aloof from the strangers, and in whose dark eyes lay a sadness not rightly belonging with her years. The matron after a while dismissed the children, and they engaged in animated conversation.

'I like the jolly little thing, don't you, Aunt Emily?' began Marian.

'Very well, dear,' was the answer. 'But,' she added, to the matron, 'what is the matter with the little dark-eyed one? She has such a sad look.'

'Ah, poor little soul, there's good reason for that, though it isn't one child in a hundred that would take it so hard. She's one of twins—little beauties, ma'am, as like to each other as two peas. They didn't seem to have a wish except to be together. And a little while ago some one came and took the other one. I didn't let Bessie know when her sister was taken away, thinking it would be easier for her. But when I came to having to tell her—if ever there was a thing that seemed to have its heart broke it was that child.'

'Poor little thing!'

'Yes, ma'am, she looked straight at me, and never cried a tear. She don't seem to care for anything since. Never plays with the other children.'

'Do you know anything of her parents?'

'They came of a good lot. One of the sad stories we often hear. Mother was the daughter of a country preacher, and her kin were all dead, and they came to the city to find work, and something happened to the husband—railway accident or something—and she set out on her struggle all alone to support the two. Worked her life out on it, I suppose, for,' with a little motion of her hand, 'they're here.'

'Do you know who it was that took the other one?'

'I can find out by looking at the records. We always aim to keep track of our little ones. A good, honest sort of a body it was, ma'am, but I think she was taken more as a help than as the other child would be with you. And I heard she moved away afterwards, but it's likely her address is left here.'

'It's of no consequence. The little things will find happiness in their new lives, it is to be hoped. Don't you think, Marian,' she added, 'that we might manage to put some gladness into those pitiful little eyes?'

'Of course we could,' was the enthusiastic answer. 'She's so young—she'll soon forget.'

Fifteen minutes later the grave eyes were facing the two in the front seat of the carriage.

'She's to have other clothes?' Marian spoke in a lowered voice, as she took in disapprovingly the blue gingham and poke bonnet. 'Just as if,' venturing a glance at her aunt, as if in fear of approaching a sore subject, 'as if—as she would have if she were—your own little girl.'

'Exactly so, Marian. She is my own little girl. You must help me to select for her.'

'Of all the delightful things, Aunt Emily, I think it's more than lovely of you to let me into such a beautiful time. Little boots and things, and one of those cunning bonnets that ruffle round the face till it looks like a flower.'

She led the little stranger, as having returned home they entered a large store and went from counter to counter, rejoicing over dainty stockings and underwear, insisting with girlish delight, on having a large say-so in orders given for the making of some garments, the selection of others for immediate use, urging their being taken to the carriage, that there might be no delay in their reaching home.

Mrs. Vernon herself took her to the bath-room, the child to whom she intended giving as large and warm a place in her heart as could be given to anything in the present or future. Mothers who have caressed for the last time little limbs now laid away to their too early rest may imagine the feeling with which she ministered to the motherless child—with earnest prayer that two aching hearts might be healed by the new bond.

Marian was allowed the privilege of assisting in the robing. It would be difficult to say whether smiles or tears were nearest as she gave tender help, but with her usual chatter she beguiled what to her aunt, with real thankfulness for the presence of the lively girl, might have proved a trying occasion. A touch of the underlying pain came when Marian, having patted down and stood up and tied and hooked to her heart's content, led the child before a full-length mirror, saying:

'Now see our little girl.'

There was a slow glance, then with a wailing cry came the words: 'It's as if there were two of us.'

Snatching her hand from the kindly clasp, she rushed to a sofa, flung herself on it and sobbed as only children who have felt the stamp of sorrow on their lives can sob.

It was pitiful, the forlorn little figure turning away from those who could but be strangers to her, fighting out her sorrow alone. Mrs. Vernon gathered her in her arms, and she did not refuse the attempt at loving comfort.

The small stranger soon made her place in her new home. She was docile and obedient, showing pleasure in the pleasant things about her and a sweet, gentle gratitude for kindnesses done her. She was sent to a small kindergarten near, and was quietly interested, rather passively joining in the pursuits and plays of her companions. But with all, her adopted mother saw with a pain in her heart that there was little of the real buoyancy of happy childhood—that the look of sadness, sometimes disappearing for a time in some new interest, always came back to the soft eyes. Marian spoke of it half impatiently.

'I can't seem to really stir her up, auntie. She plays with me when I make her, and laughs a little, and does as I tell her, but she doesn't squeal and dance about and be a little witch, as such a mite ought to. She isn't glad, no matter what we do.'

'No, she is not glad,' Mrs. Vernon sorrowfully admitted. 'Perhaps we can make her so as time goes on.'

Something made her so in time. On an early closing-in autumn afternoon Bessie was so late in returning from school that her mother became alarmed. Just as a servant was about to go in search of the little one, she bounded into the house, so unlike what she had ever been seen before by her foster-mother as to fill her with surprise and delight. What could have occasioned the glowing cheeks, the beaming eyes and the dancing footsteps?

'Why, my little girl, you are so late.'

'Am I? O—' a shadow fell over the eyes as they give a quick, anxious glance at the kindly questioning ones. 'I—didn't mean to be.'

'What kept you, dear?'

'Oh—I was—just looking at something.'

But from that time on perplexity mingled with Mrs. Vernon's regard for her new charge. Certainly a great change had with surprising suddenness come over the child. Her feet had found their trippiness, so Marian declared, and there were times in which she appeared to be running over with an irrepressible joyousness. But it seemed to bring her no nearer those to whom her gladness was such matter of concern.

'What ails the child?' Mrs. Vernon said to Marian. They had from the window watched her approach. A glow overspread her face and the spring in her feet told of the lightness of her heart. 'But now look,' —Bessie had glanced up at the window—meeting the faces which smiled a welcome to her. Instantly, as if she feared rebuke, her face lost its brightness, and she came into the house with her usual quiet response to their greeting.

'But where are your mittens, Bessie,' said Mrs. Vernon, as she held her hands, 'your hands are so cold.'

'O no—they're not cold,' was the quick reply, given in evident fear of being blamed or further questioned.

'Didn't you wear them to school?'

'Yes, but I—gave them to a little girl who hadn't any.'

'That was kind of you, dear, but when you see little ones to whom you would like to give things, let me know, and I will see that you have others to give. Don't give away the things I give you for your own.'

'She is most perplexing,' sighed Mrs. Vernon, as Bessie, with a face and step from which all the lightness had gone, went to put away her things. 'She's a great deal happier than she was, and I rejoice in it, but—'

'She keeps it away from us,' said Marian, filling the pause.

'Yes, she seems to get farther from us rather than nearer, as ought to be the case. Well, we can only wait for better things.'

. . . . . .

'Christmas is coming, my little girlie,' said Mrs. Vernon one day, as she held Bessie on her lap and talked with her.

'That's what they are talking about at school,' said Bessie.

'Do you remember last Christmas?'

'—Yes—' the answer came between two quickly drawn breaths.

'What did you do, dear?' The question was asked not with a view of stirring up painful memories, but in the hope of establishing a link of sympathy with matters of former interest to the child.

'I stayed with Mamma—and—Margie. Margie is my sister.' To Mrs. Vernon's surprise the flash of joy again passed over the sober little face, but the eyes were resolutely kept from her own.

'Well, we must try and have a merry, merry Christmas. We haven't had good ones of late, and because there were no little children here to make it for, and you know the birthday of our Lord, who came as a little child is the time for children to be happy. And now I have you and I have Marian, so we must have a happy time.'

The sober little face did not again light up, but grew still more sober, as if the small mind within were working with problems painfully grave.

One evening as Mrs. Vernon was returning home from a drive, her eye was caught by the sight on the street of the small figure which, in spite of the puzzling lack of confidence, was becoming so dear to her. The wintry twilight was closing down, and the street lamps being lighted. Mrs. Vernon was about to call Bessie, but delayed for a moment, struck by the appearance of the child.

Surely she had never before seen Bessie as she really was. Nothing now of the slow aimless movement, the depressed, half-averted look. Every motion and every feature seemed alive with eager joy. Before the call was given she had darted down a shabby side street, and as Mrs. Vernon's anxious eyes followed her she disappeared in a narrow alley way separating between two small houses.

Ordering the carriage drawn up before it, Mrs. Vernon penetrated the alley, and, guided by a bright light shining from a window at the back of one of the houses, stopped in surprise at what she saw inside it.

It was a room used as a kitchen and dining-room, a white covered table standing ready for the evening meal, everything looking clean and comfortable. But the eyes outside the window were caught and held, not by the things, but by the persons in the room. Before the cook-stove sat a child, the first glance at whom caused Mrs. Vernon's heart to beat excitedly. For was not every feature an exact copy of Bessie's own? Close to her, with arms tightly clasping her, was Bessie herself. And both faces shone with a light which recalled to the observer the words of the woman at the asylum.

Mrs. Vernon did not linger long, not wishing Bessie to know that she had discovered her secret. The little girl came home soon after, still with the subdued joy in her face, with evidently the fear of being questioned concerning her delay. This was not done, but the next day, at an hour when she knew there was no danger of Bessie making a visit, she went to the house in which she had seen her sister.

The mistress of the house proved to be a gentle-voiced woman with a good face. Mrs. Vernon at once acquainted her with her discovery of the evening before.

'Ah, poor little things,' said the woman. 'They met on the street, and Margie, my little girl, brought her sister here. You would have cried to see 'em, ma'am, as they kissed and cried in each other's arms. It was all I could do to get Miss Bessie to go home. I don't know how she'll feel, I'm sure, when she knows you know, for I told her if you knew she came here you would forbid her—'

'Ah, that is why she has behaved so strangely,' said Mrs. Vernon.

'I don't know as I did just the right thing, ma'am—' said the woman, 'but I was so puzzled what to do—seeing the difference between the way they're fixed—we so poor, and you—as you are. I really didn't know exactly what to do about it—'

'Never mind,' said Mrs. Vernon, kindly. 'If your little girl has a good home, as I think she has, the difference is not so great as you seem to think.

She took leave with a mind filled with crowding thoughts, and before long made a second visit to the home of Bessie's sister.

'I don't know when I've seen you seem so bright and so well, Aunt Emily,' said Marian, one day not long before Christmas. 'Or so happy. You must be thinking of pleasant things.'

'I am, my bird. I'm thinking of Christmas, and of what I am going to do then.'

'Oh, what? Is it so very nice?'

'Very nice, indeed.'

'Are you going to tell me what it is,

'I think not, dear. I shall save it as a surprise for you. I am going to give the most precious present you ever saw.'

'To me?'

'No, not to you,' said her aunt, with a smile.

'To Bessie, then. But I'm sure I know of the nice things you are doing for her. Certainly she never had such a Christmas before.'

No, I'm sure she never had,' said Mrs. Vernon earnestly.

Marian was overwhelmed with business of all sorts, principally that of preparing a Christmas tree for Bessie. That small maiden looked on at such of the preparations as she was allowed to know of, smiled when she was called on to smile, but appeared little interested.

'No one can be admitted to the back parlor to-day,' announced Marian, gaily, on the morning of Christmas eve. 'Passing by the door, ten cents each time. Peeps through the key hole, twenty-five cents.'

With a zest she worked on that tree with many small exclamations of surprise all to herself, as the love fruit with which it was to be loaded came under her hands.

'Well—if any one wouldn't imagine that Aunt Emily had two or three small girls to make Christmas for instead of that one fortunate little Bessie, that doesn't seem to have enough sense to know how well off she is. Bless my heart—two big dolls just about alike, and all their belongings. Well, there's no harm in a little girl having two dolls, but I should think they could have got along with a set of China between them. Well, well—the load of things. It does make me feel out of patience to think how some children would fairly stand on their heads over such a Christmas as this—and Bessie—a dear little thing, too, but I could shake her all the same—will stand around and look as if it might be any day in the year so far as she were concerned. I do wish Aunt Emily had invited in several other children, just to give a little life to things. Only one coming, she says. When she told Bessie of it, she looked as usual, as if she didn't care. She didn't even ask who it was.'

A pretty flush of excitement spread over Mrs. Vernon's face with the approach of Christmas eve. Marian's work was pronounced charmingly done, and she was sent to her room to dress for the evening.

Just before the time at which Bessie was to have been introduced to the tree, Marian skipped down and lighted the wax tapers on the tree, then hurried back to her aunt with a face of vexation.

'O Aunty! Bessie's got into the back parlor, without being told. And I did want to see her face when she caught the first sight of that tree. I don't think it's nice of her,' impatiently, 'she's right in among everything—almost behind the tree, and she didn't stir when I told her she ought to have waited till she was taken in.'

Mrs. Vernon turned on her such a radiant smile that Marian could easily see that Bessie was in little danger of receiving the well-merited scolding.

'O, here she is,' went on Marian, as Bes-

sie came quietly into the room. 'Bessie, you ought not to have gone down till we did.'

Bessie, a lovely little vision in pink cashmere, with soft lace about her throat, gazed inquiringly at her, but made no reply. Mrs. Vernon gathered the child into her arms in a transport of tenderness.

'O my darling, my own little one, that I chose for myself when— I hope this is going to be the happiest, happiest Christmas of all your life.'

'Come, come,' clamored Marian. 'The lights are burning all this time.'

Mrs. Vernon took Marian's arm in an excited grasp and whispered to her:

'If you see anything to surprise you, my dearie, keep still about it.'

With a dance and a song Marian hurried down a little in advance of the others, anxious to see that the lights were all doing their duty. But when well within the door she turned suddenly to her aunt with a look of such startled, blank amazement that the latter found it difficult to restrain her laughter as she held up a hand in energetic caution.

Bessie stood for a few moments dazzled by the undreamed-of beauty before her. The soft lights threw a mellow glow over the things bright and lovely, hanging on the tree.

'Bessie,' cried Mrs. Vernon, in a high-pitched voice, 'don't you know I promised you a doll as big as yourself. Go near, dear, and find it.'

'Why, auntie,' said Marian, in perplexity, 'it certainly didn't come. I haven't seen anything of the sort. There are two dolls, but they don't begin—' she stopped with a quick exclamation as something which she had not put there met her gaze, then cast a hasty glance to see if Bessie still stood near the door by which she had entered. For whose could it be but Bessie's, the little form shyly hiding among the branches, looking out with soft, dark eyes?

There was a pause which Mrs. Vernon could endure but for a few moments. With an excited movement she stepped to the tree and hastily led out—another Bessie. It must be, for there were the same eyes and hair above the pink cashmere.

There was a little cry as the twin mites rushed to each other's arms. As Mrs. Vernon knelt by the two and clasped them both, Bessie turned on her a look of frank; enthusiastic affection which sent a thrill of happiness to her heart.

'You brought Margie to see the tree with me?' said the child. 'You're good—and I love you. May she stay a little while?'

'Bessie, she is to stay always and be your own little sister.'

Bessie clasped her hands together. 'And never go away?'

'Never, never, my little girl.'

Just Try It.

'If you would be well informed read the 'Witness.' Just try it for a year and see. Few give it up after such a trial; especially is this the case with those who have had experience of the unreliable and actually misinforming qualities of the sensational press. 'Daily Witness,' $3.00 per annum. 'Weekly Witness,' $1.00 per annum. Sample copies, subscription blanks and canvassers' discounts sent on application by post card to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Promotion Department,
Montreal, Que.

A School-Girl's Christmas in Dresden.

Snow, snow, everywhere, wrote an American school girl of a typical Christmas in Dresden; snow in the market places, in the great, wide school yard, and falling in big white flakes. Sleigh-bells jingling, church bells chiming, school girls looking wistfully out of windows, while some penned plaintive letters home. Such a big house, heated with funny little white-tiled stoves. For several days Fraulein was making exasperating preparations—exasperating because no one was allowed to see what was going on behind locked doors. Our gate bell jingled all the time, and bundles piled in. The girls were taken uptown by good 'Fraulein' in a pack, two and two. Such a wonderful 'uptown'—the market places were filled with pine trees set on crosspieces instead of their own roots, and looked like miniature forests in the heart of the city. Market women sat around in groups over 'peat fires,' and torchlights threw a glare over the whole strange scene. Christmas Eve, Fraulein gave orders that every girl should come to tea dressed in her best, so down we tramped—happy school girls with the Christmas joy in our hearts! After tea, locked doors were thrown open, and such a wondrous sight met our gaze! Two tremendous Christmas trees, radiant with pretty trinkets, tinsel and candles, filled one end of the room. Around were the little tables at which we said our lessons, all strange to us in their holiday dress and covered with Christmas gifts. Before we entered the room, Fraulein handed each girl a sheet of music, and on it were the words which we sang:

O blessed Saviour! O holy night!
The bright star is there to guide us with its light.

—'Christian Herald.'

Grandma's Cromwell Pudding.

(By Lizzie M. Hadley, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Twas Christmas time at grandma's;
Fast fell the drifting snow,
While by the kitchen fire,
Sat Molly, Ted and Joe.

The bread, the meat and pastry,
Were on the pantry shelf,
And grandmamma the pudding
Was making now herself.

Of flour, fruit and suet
She took of cups just two;
Of milk and nice molasses,
She said one cup would do.

A teaspoonful of soda
A little salt and spice,
And then within the kettle
'Twas boiling in a trice.

And while she sat and watched it
Cried Ted and little Joe,
'Why do you call it Cromwell's,
Grandma, we'd like to know?'

There is a curious legend
About this recipe:
'Twas grandma's great, great grandma's;
She lived across the sea.

'Twas in the days of Cromwell,
('Tis strange such things can be)
Men said, 'To eat plum pudding
Is rank idolatry.'

But grandma, says the story,
Still kept her recipe,
And once, when grandsire journeyed
She called her maids in glee,

And said, 'I'll make a pudding,
Since there's no one to see,'
Come, maids, to work,' she ordered.
'And you shall share with me.'

Right gaily they were working,
Those merry maids, I ween,
Until upon the table,
The pudding, brave, was seen.

Then hist! a sound of tramping,
Or trumpets' brazen din;
'Ho, good wife, ope your portals,
And let Lord Cromwell in.'

With trembling hands the maidens
Unbarred the oaken door,
Let in the Roundhead troopers,
While Cromwell strode before.

'We seek but food and shelter,
Ye need not fear,' he said.
'We're worn and spent with hunger,
And ask but meat and bread."

'Tis said that grandma courtesied
As gravely she replied,
'To what I have you're welcome;
Draw up the board beside.'

They saw the steaming pudding,
Each trooper shook his head.
Quoth Cromwell, 'Once King David,
Sore pressed, ate God's "shew bread."

'We'll follow his example,
The good Lord will forgive,
For he who fights God's battles
Must eat if he would live.'

The bread, the meat, the pastry
All shared a common fate.
Then, ev'ry crumb of pudding,
Those hungry troopers ate.

And when the feast was ended,
Great Cromwell said with zest,
'Good wife, of all the viands,
That pudding was the best.'

To dust they've long since mouldered,
The Roundheads and the dame;
But since that day the pudding
Has borne great Cromwell's name.

Make a Present to Yourself

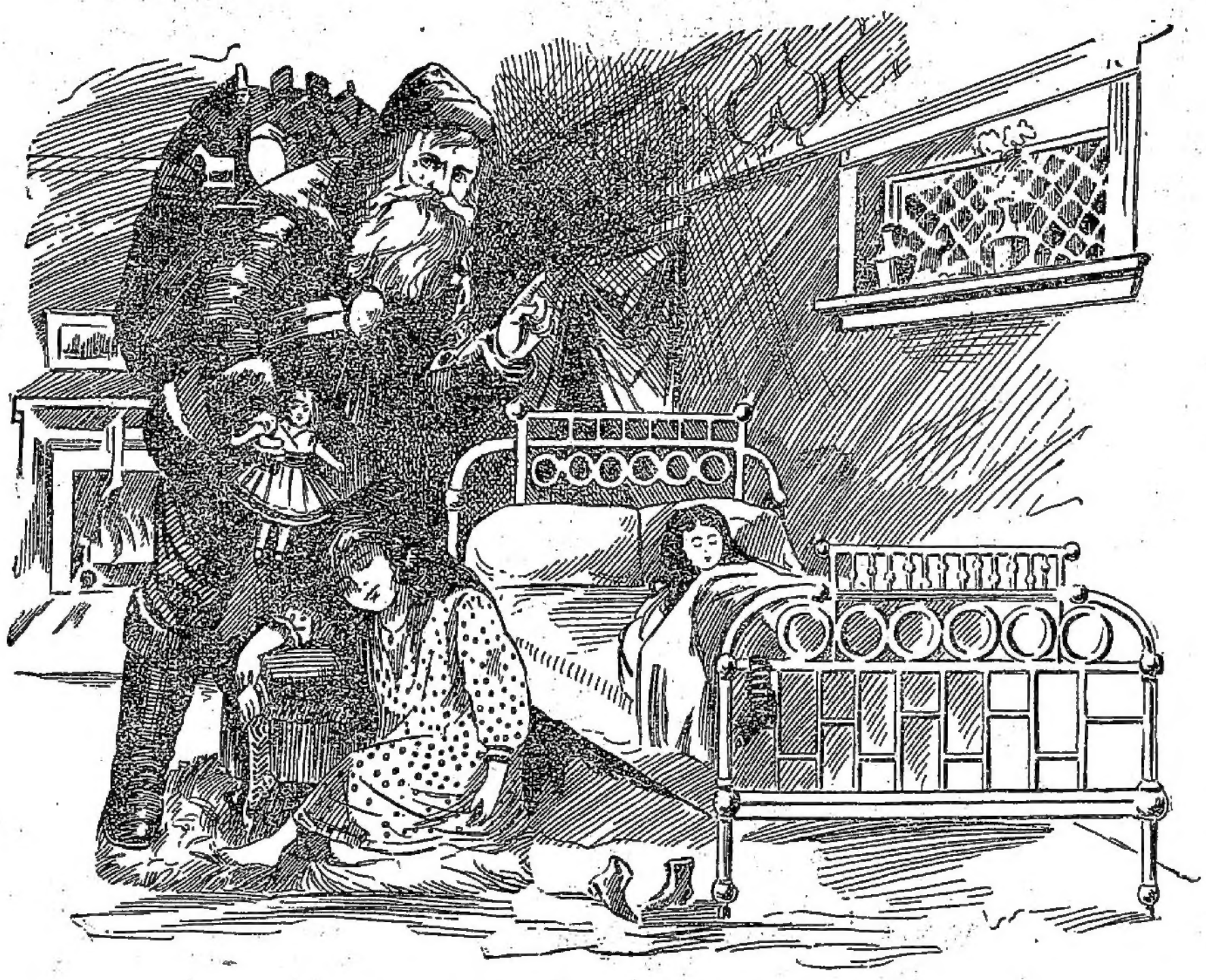
(By Sam Walter Foss.)

Give your wife a handsome dress,
Give Irene a doll,
Give your boy a sled and skates,
They deserve them all;
Pile your gifts on every shelf,
Fill up every tray,
But——
Make a present to yourself
Now on Christmas Day:
Man of great or little pelf,
Make a present to yourself.

Give yourself a better heart
On an ampler plan,
Full of blessedness and hope,
Full of love to man.
Give to Bob and Sue their part,
Give to Dick and May,
But——
Give yourself a better heart
Now on Christmas Day:
Man of great or little pelf,
Make this present to yourself.

Give yourself a better soul,
Tuned to higher strains
Than the discords of the mart
And inglorious gains.
Give to each a generous dole,
Bess and Tom and Ray,
But——
Give yourself a better soul
Now on Christmas Day:
Man of great or little pelf,
Make this present to yourself.

Give yourself a better life,
Fed from deeper springs,
Fed from the eternal Fount,
Soul and source of things.
Give to friend and child and wife
All the gifts you may,
But——
Give yourself a better life,
Now on Christmas Day:
Man of great or little pelf,
Make this present to yourself.
—'Christian Endeavor World.'



SANTA CLAUS FINDS BOTH ASLEEP.

—'Our Dumb Animals.'

A Christmas Turkey.

(By Anna Spottswood Young.)

He was such a fine big turkey that even the neighbor children would sometimes crawl up on the fence to see him strut around, and to watch Robert and Dorothy feed him, and you may be sure that Robert and Dorothy were very proud of him, indeed, for grandma had sent the turkey to them for their Christmas dinner all the way from the country, and grandma said he was 'the finest of the lot,' and she knew what fine turkeys were, too. He came in a big box a few weeks before Christmas Day, and the children called him 'Gobobbles,' after a big turkey in a fairy tale, and every day they fed him and gave him fresh water to drink, and took such good care of him that very soon he would eat out of their hands, and was just as tame as a turkey could be, besides growing bigger and fatter every day. Two days before the holiday the cook said as she handed the children a plate of food for the turkey, 'Now, to-morrow I must kill Gobobbles and get him all ready to cook for your Christmas dinner. Aren't you glad ?' But Robert and Dorothy did not answer. They walked slowly down the yard, carefully carrying the plate of food and a small pail of water. They unlatched the coop door, and out came Gobobbles to get his breakfast. While Robert was feeding him Dorothy suddenly turned away, nervously twisting her apron in her hands. 'It will be very lonely without the turkey after Christmas, won't it, Robert ?' she said.

'Yes,' answered Robert, furtively brushing away a tear. He was afraid to say any more for fear he would cry.

'He won't be here any more in the coop after we—we—we eat him, will he, Robert ?' Dorothy's voice trembled.

'No,' said Robert, wiping away another tear, as he offered the turkey more corn.

'I just love Gobobbles, so I do, and I don't want him killed for d-dinner, do you ?' Dorothy sank down on the ground sobbing, and the turkey looked surprised for a moment, and then went on with his breakfast. Robert turned his face away and did not answer this time, and Dorothy sobbed and Gobobbles ate, and Robert stood up with his hands in his pockets, looking away off in the distance and winking very hard for one whole minute.

'Why, what's the matter ?' It was papa's voice that asked the question, and mamma who added, anxiously, 'Why, Robert and Dorothy, what is the trouble ?' Papa lifted Dorothy off the ground, and she lay very still in his arms, and sobbed as if her heart would break, and Robert, after gulping down a hard lump in his throat—a 'cry lump' Dorothy would have called it—threw back his shoulders and straightened up as tall as he could. He was a boy, and he was not going to cry over a turkey, not even Gobobbles ; no, indeed !

'We just cannot bear to think of eating Gobobbles,' he said, while Dorothy added between her sobs, 'C—can't we get a turkey that is already d—dead, please, for our dinner ?'

'Well, I declare !' said papa, half laughing and half provoked. 'After we have spent three weeks fattening him up, too,' and he turned to mamma for help out of the difficulty, but though mamma laughed, too, she said to papa, 'Why, Jack, I couldn't eat a bite of that

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

We love to see the children happy. The great festival that brings them gifts and the blessings come none too often. Alas, that so many dear children receive so little while others receive so much.

The little urchin in the picture is a fair specimen of the American child on this glad morning. Look at the beaming eye, the laughing mouth, the delighted expression. Old Santa did not forget that child, and the child could not wait to be dressed before starting off with an armload of royal gifts.

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turkey when the children feel this way—really I couldn't.'

'Humph!' said papa, 'I could,' but neverthelss he stooped down and stroked Gobobble's feathers and offered him a grain of corn, which he at once gobbled up, as any good turkey should.

'Oh, pshaw!' said papa at last, 'what are we to do with him, and what will grandma think?'

'I'll tell you,' cried Dorothy. 'Let's send him back. Grandma will not care when we tell her how it was, and then we can see him next summer. Just see how tame he is, papa! Oh, it would be a shame to kill him.' Dorothy's lip began to tremble again, and when papa saw that he just gave right up, and though he did say, 'Oh, pshaw!' and 'nonsense,' and 'such a foolish piece of business' many, many times before that turkey was finally boxed up and sent off, mamma always said that he was as glad of an excuse to send him back as the rest of them were; and whenever papa heard that he would ask mamma where she put his slippers or if the evening paper had come, or something like that, and then he would go off to the library really looking embarrassed, and the children and mamma would just laugh quietly to themselves, and Gobobbles still lives and thrives in the country, and grandma says she will see that he he is well taken care of till he dies of old age, and that the next turkey she sends to the children will be one that is 'already dead.'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

My Stocking.

They put me in a great spare bed,
and there they made me sleep;
I must not stir, I must not wake; I
must not even peep;
Right opposite that lonely bed my
Christmas stocking hung;
While near it, waiting for the morn,
my Sunday clothes were flung.
I counted softly to myself, to ten,
and ten times ten,
And went through all the alphabet,
and then began again;
I repeated that Third Reader piece
—a poem called 'Repose,'
And tried a dozen other ways to
fall into a dose—
When suddenly the room grew
light. I heard a soft, strong
bound—
'Twas Santa Claus, I felt quite
sure, but dared not look
around,
'Twas nice to know that he was
there, and things were going
rightly,
And so I took a little nap, and tried
to smile politely.
'Ho, Merry Christmas!' cried a
voice; I felt the bed a-rocking;
'Twas daylight—brother Bob was
up! and oh! that splendid
stocking.

Christmas Everywhere.

(Phillips Brooks.)

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night?

For the Christ-Child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great and no cottage too small.

LESSON XIII.—December 30.

Review and Christmas Lesson

Lesson Text.

'Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.'—Psa. lxv., 11.

Suggestions.

A map review is a useful exercise and can be made very interesting. If the school has not a large map of Palestine some one should carefully draw one on a piece of white cotton two feet by three feet, or on a large sheet of thick paper which could be pasted on to cotton and made permanent. Crayons can be used for marking, or ink mixed with a little mucilage. Get the scholars to point out the different cities and villages mentioned in this year's lessons, and let them tell briefly some incident that occurred at that place. Or give the scholars blank sheets of paper on which to draw the outline of Palestine and to place any three cites, or any six places mentioned. This plan can be varied in many different ways. The accompanying map and map-song will be found useful.

Map Song.

First the line on coast we make,
  Merom next, a marshy lake,
Then the sea of Galilee,
  Exactly east of Carmel, see.
The Jordan river flows through both
  To the Dead sea on the south;
And the great sea westward lies
  Stretching far as sunset skies.

Looking northward you may view
  Lebanon and Hermon, too,
Carmel and Gilboa grim,
  Tabor, Ebal, Gerizim.
Near Jerusalem we see
  Olivet and Calvary.
Judea's hills rise south and west
  Of lonely Nebo's lowering crest.

On Zion stands Jerusalem,
  Six miles south is Bethlehem,
On Olive's slope is Bethany.
  Bethabara by Jordan, see.
Our Saviour drank at Sychar's well,
  Of boyhood days let Nazareth tell,
At Cana water turned to wine
  Showed our Lord to be divine.

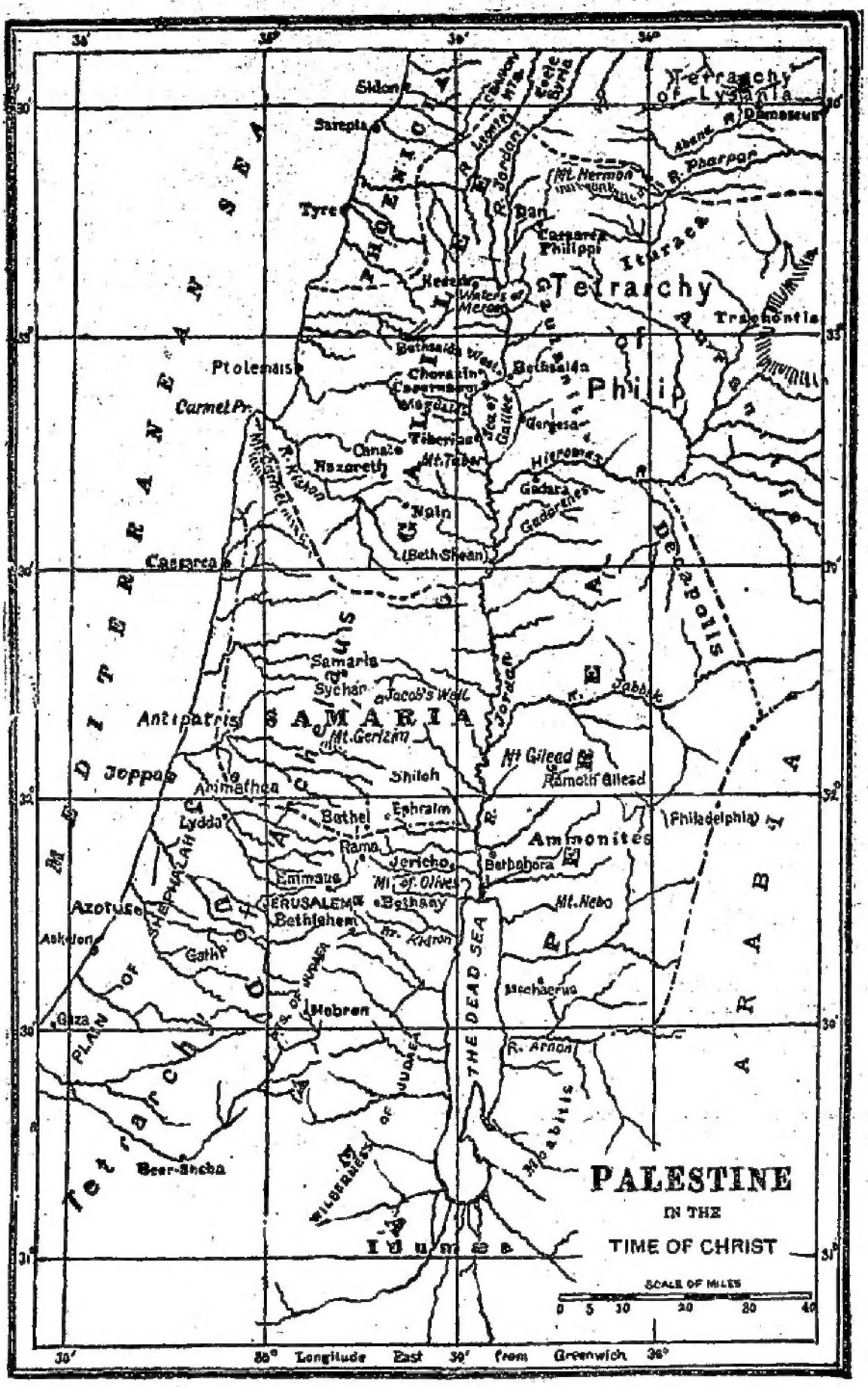
Capernaum by Galilee
  Near its twin Bethsaida see.
Caesarea Philippi
  At Hermon's base is seen to lie.
Along the coast these three appear,
  Gaza, Joppa, Caesarea.
South to Bethel we may go,
  To Hebron next and Jericho.

From heathen Tyre materials
  To build a temple to God's name.
The sorrowing widow's son at Nain
  Jesus raised to life again.
See Dan, where Jordan's waters rise;
Beersheba, nearer tropic skies;
North and south these cities stand,
  And mark the length of Israel's land.
—'Zion's Herald.'

I Believe.

I believe in God the Father,
  Almighty Lord of all,
Maker of earth and heaven,
  And all things great and small;
He rules the whole creation,
  His power is without end,
And yet He bids me call Him,
  My Father and my Friend.

I believe in Jesus Christ,
  God's well beloved Son,
Who left His home in heaven,



And to the earth came down:
For me, a guilty sinner,
  Upon the cross He died;
He is my risen Saviour,
  Who once was crucified.

I believe the Holy Spirit
  Will lead me every day,
And if I do but follow,
  I shall not go astray;
He whispers gently to me,
  I grieve Him if I sin,
To contrite hearts and humble
  He loves to enter in.

I believe in Life eternal,
  According to His word,
And the glorious resurrection
  Of all who love the Lord.
Now unto Him that loved us,
  And washed us from our sin,
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
  Be endless praise. Amen.

J. SAMPSON HASKELL.

C. E. Topic.

Dec. 30.—The old and new; your purposes.—Luke v., 36-39; Matt. xiii., 51, 52. (A New Year's meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

WHAT OF THE NEW YEAR.

Mon., Dec. 24.—A new view of Christ.—Matt. xvii., 8.

Tues., Dec. 25.—A new hope.—Col. i., 27.

Wed., Dec. 26.—A new heart.—Ezek., xi., 19.

Thurs., Dec. 27.—A new life.—II. Cor. v., 17.

Fri., Dec. 28.—A new blessing.—John xiv., 16.

Sat., Dec. 29.—A new name.—Rev. ii., 17.

Sun., Dec. 30.—Topic—What new things do you want to put into the New Year? Luke v., 36-39. (A New Year's meeting.)

Workers Needed.

We were recently waiting for a car in front of a city mission with the superintendent, when a gang of rough-looking boys went shuffling by. 'Those boys,' said the superintendent, 'are the toughest lot in this part of the city. They call themselves "the dirty dozen," and they were all in our Sunday school two months ago. They came in of their own accord for two or three Sundays, behaved well, and would have continued coming had I been able to secure a teacher for them. I appealed to three or four of our uptown churches to send us a teacher for those boys, but without success, and so we lost them.' While we were speaking the 'dirty dozen' crossed the street and went into a low-down variety theatre, which is run in connection with a saloon. One intelligent and consecrated young man could probably save those boys by making them his particular parish. The neglect of such opportunities in our cities is a sad commentary upon the easy-going type of Christianity to be found in too many churches.—'Congregationalist.'

Correspondence

A Letter From the Editor.

'Witness' Office, Montreal,
December, 1900.

Dear Boys and Girls,—It is now over a year since we promised to send to India any money that you would send us for the relief of the famine sufferers in that stricken land. You will have seen the acknowledgments of all donations to the India Famine Fund in the 'Witness.' Over ten thousand dollars has come in, and been promptly sent on to the different missions designated. Since the death of Mrs. Fuller, the money sent in for the Christian Alliance Mission has been sent to Mrs. Christian Borup, whom we know to be able to use every dollar to advantage. The worst of the famine is over, but its results will be felt for some years yet. Thousands of children have died for the want of food, thousands more have been gathered into homes by the kind missionaries, and yet there are thousands of little children wandering around, motherless, homeless, and hungry with nothing to look forward to but death or slavery. These are large figures, but they are not exaggerated at all.

At this season of the year, when we are remembering that our Lord Jesus came to this earth for our salvation, as a little child, our hearts go out to all little children, specially those who are in trouble. Perhaps we have sometimes thought that if we had lived in Bethlehem at the time that our Saviour was born there, we should have been so glad to carry him some gifts and comforts, some of our toys or treasures of some kind. Our Lord said that he would count all kindnesses done for his sake as done to himself, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Therefore, whatever we shall do for the poor little homeless children of India we shall be doing for the Lord Jesus himself.

Already one Sabbath-school class has offered to send money for the support of one little Indian orphan, and we hope that many others will follow this good example. We will be pleased to receive and send on any offerings you may send us for this purpose. It costs something to feed and clothe and care for a child, no matter how simply it may be done, some missionaries find that they can do it for fifteen dollars a year.

Pundita Ramabai, once a little homeless orphan herself in India, has opened two large homes for the little widows of India; she is doing, and has done for the last twelve years a noble work amongst her countrywomen. We should be glad to send on any money sent to us for her work, or for the Christian Alliance orphanages, or for any other designated mission.

Would it not be good to have a large number of orphans supported by the gifts and prayers of the 'Messenger' readers?

With Christmas greetings,

Forest.

Dear Editor,—We are two little boys; there are twelve in our family. For pets we have an old black mare and a little dog called Cob. We like to read your paper.

M. S. and W. S.

Dominionville.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old; papa has taken your paper for fifteen years. We all like it very much, and now he has it come in my name. I have a little brother three years old and a little baby sister. I like them very much.

ELLA MAY G.

Aylwin.

Dear Editor,—I have five sisters and three brothers. I have a cat named Tom and a dog named Beauty. I am a member of St. Andrew's Sunday-school. OLIVE O.

New Richmond.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years and like it very much. My father is a farmer. The Governor-General's house is near ours and my father takes care of it. I go to school every day. I have two brothers and two sisters. My birthday is on the twenty-fourth of March. My grandmother is seventy-eight years of age.

WILLIE G. (Aged 10.)

Langvale, Man.

Dear Editor,—I like the Little Folks' page the best and so I read it first. I have one sister and four brothers. I am the youngest of the boys. EDWARD C. (Aged 10.)

Richmond.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and I enjoy reading it, especially the children's letters. I have one brother and three sisters. My youngest sister is five years old. Her name is Hazel. We have a pet rabbit called Bunnie.

L. DONALD. (Aged 10.)

Clark's Harbor.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken your paper for a long time and I like it very much. Among all the papers we take, my choice is the 'Northern Messenger.' I have five sisters and three brothers. I go to school. T. A. N.

Lachine.

Dear Editor,—At the foot of our street is the St. Lawrence river, outside of the canal. In the summer we go to the other side of the canal by a little bridge. We walk a little way up till we come to the shells, then pick them out of the water and put them on a stone in the sun to dry. We make necklaces and bracelets with them. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. I got a prize of a beautiful Bible for attending and having perfect lessons for a whole year, and saying the catechism. EDNAH A. W.

Elmvale.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and one sister. I go to school; our teacher's name is Miss Robertson. I like her very well. E. M. T. (Aged 12.)

Langman.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and five sisters. I go to school every day. I live just a short distance from the Georgian Bay. GARROW L. (Aged 8.)

The Old, Old Story.

A correspondent asks for the following poem:—

Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His Glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

(Refrain.)

Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and His Love.

Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon;
The 'early dew' of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.'

—Miss Hankey.

Temperance

Is It Nothing to You.

Will you teach your children's voices
To utter the Saviour's prayer:
'Lead us not into temptation,'
And then lead and leave them there?
The path is slippery and treacherous
Which they see you safely pursue;
But they may follow, and perish—
And is this nothing to you?

There are thousands struggling before yo
In the dark and fearful wave
Which hurries them on to destruction—
Will you stretch out no hand to save?
Will you turn from the wife's wild a
guish,
From the cry of the children, too,
And say, from your place of safety,
That this is nothing to you?

But if, with a generous effort,
A rope to their aid you send,
That help will be unavailing,
If you hold not the other end.
If you'd draw the perishing drunkard
Back to the shore of hope,
Yourselves must give him courage,
And yourselves must hold the rope.

Ye are called with a holy calling,
The lights of the world to be,
To lift up the lamp of the Gospel,
That others the path may see:
But if you bear it onwards,
Leading the feeble astray,
Till they sink in hidden pitfalls,
O, what will your Master say?

Is it nothing to you, O Christians,
By the blood of Christ redeemed,
That through you the name of Jesus
Is by the heathen blasphemed;
Because, along with the Gospel,
Your poison draught you bring,
And ruin them soul and body,
With that accursed thing?

Arise, in your Master's honor,
And cleanse your hands from the stain
And let not the shadow of darkness
On that name of light remain.
Away with each false pleasure,
Which makes your lamps burn dim!
He gave his life for your ransom
Will you give up nothing for him?

Up, Christians, up and be doing!
Rise from your base repose:
If you take not the part of your Saviour,
You take the part of His foes.
Fling the bondage of evil custom
And the fetters of self aside,
Nor destroy, with your strength and know
ledge,
The souls for whom Jesus died!

—A. L. Westcombe, in 'League Journal.'

Philip Drunk to Philip Sober.

The appeal from Philip Drunk to Philip Sober originated from an incident in the life of Philip II., King of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great. One day, when rising flushed from wine, he was called upon to decide a lawsuit, and in his bibulous condition decided it unjustly, whereupon the losing party cried, 'I shall appeal against your judgment.' 'Appeal!' thundered the enraged king; 'and to whom will you appeal?' 'To Philip Sober,' was her reply. The wisdom of the appeal was justified by the result, for when Philip had become sober he discovered his mistake and reversed his judgment.

From the newspapers of San Francisco we learn that one hundred and ninety-five cases of leprosy have been traced by physicians to the smoking of cigarettes that were made by Chinese lepers, and an organ of the tobacco trade admits that 'few things could be more hurtful to boys, growing youths and persons of unformed constitutions, than the use of tobacco in any form.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Hints for the Dinner.

(Isabel Gordon Curtis.)

There are two great dinners of the year, and they follow each other so closely that the thoughtful housewife will try to make them as entirely different as it is possible to do. Don't set before the family on Dec. 25 the turkey, cranberry sauce, chicken pie and pumpkin pie they ate two months ago. They will clear the table off with a hungry gusto, no doubt, but not as they will enjoy an entirely different bill of fare. Some people choose goose as the special dish of the Christmas dinner, still I think duck is a more favored bird. I have given a menu which is an easy one to prepare, it is 'Christmasy,' it ought to be appetizing, it contains nothing which may not be bought in a country store and it may be shortened into a less pretentious dinner by cutting out the salad or croquetts; both may be spared if wished. Here it is:—

Oyster soup.
Celery Crackers Pickles
Chicken croquettes Green peas.
Bread Butter
Roast duck Apple sauce
Boiled onions Mashed potatoes
Celery and apple salad Cheese straws
Plum pudding Mince pie
Fruit Nuts Cheese
Coffee.

The housewife who sits down to dinner untired and unflustered is the woman who beforehand has prepared every dish that is not spoiled by twenty four hours' consignment to the pantry shelf. Make your plum pudding a week ahead, if you can, then set it where it will be perfectly cold. The day before Christmas prepare the croquettes, salad dressing, cheese straws and mince pie. Early in the morning make the salad and apple sauce and stuff the ducks. That gets a great deal of the hardest work out of the way. Set the table as soon as breakfast is over and make it as beautiful as your china closet and linen drawer will allow. Red and green are Christmas colors. They have a wonderful tone of good cheer in them. Christmas brings plenty of scarlet in gorgeous chrysasthemums, carnations or vivid geraniums. Even the time-honored holly may be pressed into service as a table bouquet.

I shall not readily forget a Christmas dinner I once ate in a New England farmhouse so far away from a city that holly was not obtainable. We ate breakfast in the kitchen, for the little mother kept the dining room door most jealously locked. But the beauty of it when good smells filled the house and the dinner bell rang! Brighter than any holly were the long wreaths of bittersweet and green hemlock. They were wreathed about pictures, over windows, they adorned the sideboard and made a splendid mass of scarlet twined about the chandelier over the table. No greenhouse blossoms could have surpassed the beauty of the table decoration, a deep platter of woodland things growing. There were delicate ferns, checkerberries, soft, many-colored mosses, the trailing partridge vine, with its scarlet berries and tiny uncurled violet leaves. About it were sprays of myrtle vine or Wandering Jew and sprigs of bittersweet. The dinner was good, but I remember best the beauty of the table. It showed that thought and fine taste could make home more lovely than money expenditure.

But to return to the kitchen. There are only three dishes in the menu I have given with which the average housewife is not well acquainted. The following recipe for croquettes is a standby in our household. You may use it for chicken, veal, beef, fish or a well chopped mixture of refrigerator remains: Heat a half pint of milk, into it stir two tablespoonfuls of flour and one of butter mixed to a smooth paste. Let it cook thoroughly until quite thick. If it seems lumpy when you take it from the fire whip it briskly with an egg beater for five minutes. Add a pint of chopped chicken or meat, season with a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a dash of pepper and celery salt. Let it stand until perfectly cold. Then roll into croquettes, dip in beaten egg and in fine bread crumbs. Fry in boiling fat and serve in a deep platter surrounded by green peas. The quantities given will make a dozen croquettes.

Some housewives fancy cheese straws are hard to make, instead they are the easiest thing imaginable and an excellent plan for utilizing the shreds of paste left after pie baking. Take all the scraps left on the baking board, roll them out lightly and cut into finger lengths. Lay them on a pan with half an inch of space between each. Grate rich cheese, season with salt and a dash of red pepper and scatter it thickly over the strips of paste. Bake ten or fifteen minutes in an oven where the greatest heat is at the top. They will come out flaky and crisp with the cheese unmelted and looking like a crust of brown shredded cocoanut. Serve them with the salad and pile the straws on the plate in the shape of a log cabin.

Many a housewife keeps a supply of salad dressing in a tightly closed can in her refrigerator. It is the handiest thing possible for a lunch or dinner emergency for those who are so fortunate as to like it. This cooked mayonnaise dressing, for which I give a recipe, is easily made and will keep for months:—Beat two eggs and pour over them four tablespoons of boiling vinegar. Beat well, then put in a small saucepan over the fire and cook slowly until the mixture is creamy. Add a tablespoon of butter, season with a teaspoon of sugar, a half saltspoon mustard, a dash of white pepper and a half saltspoon of salt. Add an equal quantity of whipped cream when you are ready to use it.

For the apple and celery salad, take two cups finely sliced, sour, mellow apples to one bunch of chopped celery and one cup of walnut meats. Cover with the mayonnaise dressing.

Woman's Trust.

'Good wife, what are you singing for? You know we've lost the hay,
And what we'll do with horse and kye is more than I can say;
While like as not, with storms and rain, we'll lose both corn and wheat.'
She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet:
'There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, we cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be!'

He turned around with sullen gloom. She said: 'Love, be at rest;
You cut the grass, worked soon and late, you did your very best.
That was your work; you've naught to do with wind and rain,
And do not doubt but you will reap rich fields of golden grain;
For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel, we cannot see!
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be!'

'That's like a woman's reasoning—we must because we must.'
She softly said: 'I reason not; I only work and trust.
The harvest may redeem the hay; keep heart whate'er betide;
When one door's shut I've always found another open wide,
There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be!'

He kissed the calm and trustful face; gone was his restless pain;
She heard him, with a cheerful step, go whistling down the lane,
And went about her household tasks, full of glad content,
Singing to time her busy hands as to and fro she went;
'There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be!'

Days come and go—'twas Christmas tide, and the great fire burned clear.
The farmer said: 'Dear wife, it's been a good and happy year;
The fruit was gain; the surplus corn has bought the hay, you know.'
She lifted then a smiling face and said:—'I told you so;
For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be!'
—'Pioneer.'

Responsible Journalism.

The 'Montreal Witness' refuses on moral grounds, and in the interest of its readers, between thirty thousand and fifty thousand dollars annually, for advertising which it might have, not to speak of the very substantial support it might enjoy were it willing to sell its political independence to one or other party and so betray the confidence of its readers. That some papers enjoying what has well been styled 'illegitimate gains' may be able to cut the subscription price lower than the 'Witness' is to be expected.

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